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SHADES OF THE DEPARTED.

ISAAC WALTON.

PERHAPS a scene of greater bustle, compressed in a space so narrow, could hardly anywhere be found, than may be daily witnessed about noon, and for some hours afterwards, in the immediate vicinity of Temple-bar. What a host of jostling wayfarers on the pavement—like notes in a sunbeam—pressing on, as if heedless of one another's presence, exhibiting very plainly curious specimens of mental abstraction, and affording inexhaustible

materials for speculation on their thoughts and schemes. How the crowd stops, swells, gurgles, at the corner of Chancery-lane, like a dammed-up mill-stream, while some gigantic wagon or awkward omnibus impedes the passage, and leaves eager walkers on both sides like people on the shores of a river waiting for a ferry-boat. And, then, how confused is the assemblage of vehicles in the middle of Fleet-street, rattling with noisy earnestness and terrific speed, till, like a huge mass of machinery, it overdoes itself, a piece gets out of order, and the whole is stopped. And now

VOL. I.—NO. 17.

8

what perplexity and impatience! Omnibuses, carts, carriages, cabs, coaches, barrows, locomotive advertisers, and other indescribable things, become locked—anything but lovingly—in each other's embrace; some elegant chariot striving to get free from the arms of a brewer's dray, or some aristocratic "Clarence" tearing itself from the rude clasp of a plebeian "Hansom." A little opening made, and no leaders of a forlorn hope ever more boldly rush into the breach, than do barristers with horse-hair wigs, and attorneys with blue bags, and bankers' clerks with leather cases full of bills, plunge into the vacant space, and thread their way through its perilous windings.

Are there any shadows of bygone times and men departed, bringing up memorials of the solemn, romantic, picturesque and tender, meeting us amidst this scene of bustle? Indeed there are. If there be no spot more strikingly expressive of the present, there is not one in London more richly and variously redolent of the past. Here we are in the midst of the old inns of court, which arose in the infancy of the legal profession in England, and which were in the full bloom of their quaint dramatic splendour in the reign of James I. Under the narrow gateway, nearly opposite Chancery-lane, you enter the Temple, now the home of lawyers, once the abode of knights, who, in coats of mail and cross-decked mantles, reined their steeds in gaudy procession along this thoroughfare; or bowed their knees on the pavement of the famous round church, whose architecture places us in the very midst of the thirteenth century. Yonder house, with some traces of antiquity lingering on it still, was once, as the inscription on it imports, the palace of Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey; and one sees bluff Harry and the Cardinal issuing forth from long since vanished portals on their way to see the setting of the city watch on Midsummer Eve. And is not that Temple-bar itself?—not the original Temple-bar, it is true, but yet a building carrying us back to 1670, the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and associated with many city scenes since then, full of the antique spirit; especially that oft-repeated one, now sinking into desuetude, when the kings and queens of England and their marshals paused there, and knoeked for entrance, asking for admission from my lord mayor. It tells of rebellions and of cruel punishments, when spiked heads were the grim adornments of the gate; and leads us to thank Almighty God for the more peaceful and humane habits of the present day.

But it is not our intention here to call back the shades of knights templars, or great lawyers, or city functionaries; no, nor yet to walk and talk with the spirits of the famous wits, from Ben Jonson to Addison, who frequented the house now turned into Child's bank; nor yet to step in and look at Goldsmith, in his lodgings within Brick-court, or Johnson, at No. 1, Middle Temple-lane; that we may do some future day. Our thoughts are now fixed on one who was far removed in habit from men of the sword, gentlemen of the bar, and civic officials; but who, though neither a professed poet or philosopher, had in him some elements of both. We are thinking of old Isaak Walton, the immortal angler.

This seems hardly the place for meeting him.

We associate his name with silvery rivers and green meadows, trout streams and shady banks. How distinctly does his form, in the costume of the seventeenth century, appear before us, and how smilingly does his open countenance, with flowing hair, give us friendly greeting as we ramble alongside of the Lea, near Hoddesdon. And then in Dovedale—the romantic Dovedale—as we once wandered through its rock-girt and tree-crested avenues, and sat down among the rushes and watched the stream, and the dead leaves that we threw into it, to see them float round the eddies—did we not see Isaak himself, with rod and line and basket; and, as evening drew on, and the hills became a dark blue, and a deep shade gathered over the waters, did we not seem to hear him bidding good night to the scene of his day's sport, saying, "Go thy way, little Dove; thou art the prettiest of rivers, and the fullest of fish, that I ever saw?" But, after all, with the neighbourhood of Temple-bar, Isaak Walton had more to do than with either the Lea or the Dove. It was here he lived. We have no traces of his house remaining now, but we can identify the site. There lies before us an old print of part of Fleet-street, showing the end of Chancery-lane—a representation which we give at the beginning of this paper. It reminds us more of a street in old Paris, or Frankfort, or some Flemish city, than of anything to be found in the vicinity now. There is a tall narrow house of five stories at the corner, with bay windows carved and adorned in front, the edges of the stories supported by odd-looking corbels like caryatides, and the old dwelling crowned with a thatch roof. The second, a narrower strip of building, is a little modern; then comes the third, lower and broader than the first, with windows along the whole front. Here lived Isaak Walton.

Sir John Hawkins found an old deed, dated 1624, in which this house is described as abutting on a house bearing the sign of the "Harrow," and as being in the joint occupation of Isaak Walton and John Mason, hosier; whence he concludes that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton. This seems to make some critical antiquaries rather angry. They consider Isaak was a man of more worldly importance than this would indicate. He was a Hamburg merchant, say they, not needing much frontage, but letting a part of it off to a hosier, while he retained the whole dwelling-house. Be it so; for it appears not unlikely that Walton was above a little shop-keeper, since he had alliances and friendship with the great and wealthy. Walton took this house, we may imagine, in consequence of his intending to get married, for in 1623 he began, he says, a happy affinity with the family of his first wife, Rachael Floud, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer, to whom he was married in 1626.

Walton was born at Stafford, on the 9th of August, 1593, and it is conjectured that he served his apprenticeship, as a hosier, to a relation of his of the same name, in Whitechapel. Shadows of the boy Walton—belonging to a time when London apprentices were still a distinct and recognised class, though less boisterous and ungovernable than they had been—may therefore flit before our eyes the next time we go into that region of butchers' shops; but it is in Fleet-street, No. 3.

from Chancery-lane, that we get our first distinct view of the genial fisherman. He did not publish his "Angler" there, nor any of his books; yet with the hosiery or Hamburgh trade, we doubt not, he associated, when a young man, not only his love for the rod and line, but an inkling after old books; and not only visited Mr. Margrave, who dwelt among the booksellers in St. Paul's churchyard—or Mr. John Stubbs, near to the "Swan," in Golden-lane, to purchase tackle—or went out on fine May mornings for a fishing excursion in the neighbourhood of Ware—or snatched a few hours on a summer day to throw in a line from London-bridge for the "leather-mouthed" roach, which, he says, were there "the largest and fattest in this nation"—but sat down many a long winter night, with his wife Rachael, conning black-letter books of history, divinity, and poetry. And we may well fancy that though none of his own works issued from the press while he lived in Fleet-street, there were in that old house growing up within him some of the curious thoughts he expressed in his "Angler," for the book is an image of himself—just a revelation of the man Walton—as his brother-in-law, Robert Floud, a frequent visitant no doubt at Fleet-street, used afterwards to tell him:—

"This book is so like you, and you like it,
For harmless mirth, expression, art, and wit,
That I protest ingenuously, 'tis true,
I love this mirth, art, wit, the book and you."

Most probably, too, in this very house he began to collect materials for his charming "Life of Master Richard Hooker;" for George Cranmer, his wife's uncle, with whom at the time we refer to he must have been on intimate terms, had been one of Hooker's pupils. It requires no great stretch of imagination to see and overhear Walton and Cranmer talking about old times, the latter telling the former of the great divine, his manner of life, his learning and meekness, his devotion and charity, and the former putting down, from the lips of the latter, in the thick cramped handwriting with which his autographs have made us familiar, facts and observations which became the germ of this invaluable piece of biography.

We are also within a few paces of another dwelling, in which the author and angler domiciled. Ten years after he came to Fleet-street, he went to live a few doors up Chancery-lane; there two sons were born, and his poor wife died, in 1640, after giving birth to an infant daughter. The same year Walton published his "Life of Dr. Donne," prefixed to the sermons of that eloquent divine. He also is one of the *genii loci* belonging to the region hereabouts, and his shadow meets us in company with his illustrious parishioner, for he was, vicar of the parish of St. Dunstan, to which the house we have noticed belongs. We can see the vicar, with cropped hair, open forehead, arched eyebrows, full eyes, handsome nose and lips, thick moustache, peaked beard, and high ruffed collar, sitting in the brown oak parlour of his friend; and then we go with Walton to the church of St. Dunstan, when Donne preached from the text, "To God the Lord belong the issues of death." "Many that then saw his tears," says Walton, "and heard his faint and hollow voice, professed they thought the text prophetically

chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon." The good man was well fit to die, for Walton tells us he said: "Though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sin and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me even at this present time some testimonies by his Holy Spirit that I am of the number of the elect; I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace." In anticipation of his death, the worthy divine did an odd thing with a pious intent, which had in it a dash of quaintness rather peculiar even in that quaint age. "A monument being resolved on," Walton tells us, "Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it, and to bring with it a board of the just height of his body. These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got, to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth: Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned inside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned toward the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour, Jesus. In this posture he was drawn at his just height, and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bedside, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor, Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church."

This strange sort of monument is preserved, with other relics of old St. Paul's, in the crypt of the present cathedral. Just after the picture was drawn as above described, Donne "sent for several of his most considerable friends, of whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives, and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction." We enter the bed-chamber, cold and stately, with wainscot furniture and tester bed, and there see the faithful and affectionate Walton, whose soul was formed to be an altar for the fire of friendship, reverently bending over his loved and honoured minister. He tells us of unknown mournful friends who repaired to the tomb of "Donne, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, and strewed it with an abundance of curious and costly flowers." We are ready to think he was himself one of the number. How beautiful the reflection he makes over the sepulchre in old St. Paul's: "He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God who first breathed it into his active body, that body which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust.

But," he adds, with sublime simplicity—the noble fruit of Christian faith—"I shall see it reanimated."

Walton did not remain long in the parish after Donne had gone to heaven. His many bereavements there threw sad associations over the place. He could not read, and go a-fishing pleasantly as he had done. His losses made him look at things in the neighbourhood through a melancholy medium, which darkly tinged all he saw; so he took leave of the place, and we lose sight of him for awhile altogether. He goes off into darkness and silence, whither the antiquaries follow and look after him in vain, till years after his shadowy presence brightens upon us somewhere about Clerkenwell.

Troublous times came over England in 1640, indeed had long before come over it, but now burst into a storm. London was often in fierce commotion. King and parliament, parliament and royal army, agitated the citizens from Temple-bar to Whitechapel. Men plunged into political strife, felt with vehemence, and acted with energy. Out of all this the shadow of our angler seems to glide away in quest of nature's peace and loveliness. He was no party man, and had friends whom he retained on both sides, though his sympathies were doubtless with the royalists; and, indeed, we find him entrusted with one of the badges of the order of the garter—the lesser George, as it is called, which Charles II had delivered up to a friend for safe keeping after the battle of Worcester. "It was," says Ashmole, a friend of Walton's, "strangely preserved by Colonel Blague, one of that king's dispersed attendants, who resigned it for safety to the wife of Mr. Barlow, of Blarepipe House, in Staffordshire, where he took sanctuary; from whom Robert Milward, esq., received and gave it into the hands of Mr. Isaak Walton, (all loyalists). It came again into Blague's possession, then prisoner in the Tower, whence making his escape, he restored it to king Charles II." We suppose Walton gave or sent the treasure to the captive in the Tower. The quiet man of the angle was trustworthy and unsuspected. "He was well known," says his friend in the herald's office, "and as well beloved of all good men."

Walton mentions Ashmole in the "Complete Angler," and takes us down to his house at Lambeth, near London, where he shows us the antiquary's curiosities, abounding in specimens of natural history—to the heart's delight of the author, who pores over them there with unutterable interest. He enumerates "the hog-fish, the dog-fish, the dolphin, the coney-fish, the parrot-fish, the shark, the poison-fish, the sword-fish, and other incredible fish;" also the salamander and bird of paradise, snakes and solan geese, not forgetting the barnacles, which were said to grow on trees within shells like eggs, and then to drop off, and come out, soon to fledge and take their place with winged creatures—all of which is duly illustrated in a large wood-cut in Gerard's Herbal. In such recreations we can see Walton and Ashmole seeking relief from the angry storms of politics and war.

After leaving Chancery-lane, Walton married Anne Ken, half-sister of the nonjuring bishop of that name—a circumstance which links him with

another of the celebrities of that age, though Ken did not perform the act which has made his memory so famous in English history till after Walton's death. The resistance of James II's commands by the five bishops, who were imprisoned in the Tower, and afterwards so triumphantly acquitted, of whom Ken was one, did not occur till 1687. Walton died in 1683. In his will he deviseth to his son-in-law, Doctor Hawkins, and his wife, his title and right of or in part of a house and shop in Paternoster-row, which he held by lease from the Lord Bishop of London for about fifty years to come. This lease he took in 1662, and the house was called the Cross Keys. Though he resided about that time very much with his friend Dr. Morley, then recently made Bishop of Winchester, whose palace was in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, yet his name thus certainly becomes associated with the realm of the booksellers; and we think of Isaak in Paternoster-row; as, indeed, independently of any local connexion through residence or property, we could not help being reminded of him there, since his popular works bring before us the shadow of his presence, looking down upon us as they do so invitingly from the shelves of every bibliopolist's shop.

We are no lovers of angling: for, beside thinking there is cruelty in the sport, we believe we can better employ our time even in the way of recreation, though this is a daring thing to say in the presence of Walton's shade, whose portrait, lying before us as we write, seems to knit its brows while we pen the words. Yet, for all that, we love Walton's book. There is a soft, gentle, benignant spirit pervading the whole, which irresistibly soothes us, when harassed with business and wearied with toil. We apprehend, that if we were to try to reduce to practice the fishing rules of the renowned author, we should, like Washington Irving, hook ourselves instead of the fish, and tangle our line in every tree, lose our bait, break our rod, and give up the attempt in despair, confessing that "angling is something like poetry—a man must be born to it." But reading his book, not only under the green trees, but by the fire-side, and even in an omnibus going home from the city at eventide, has often refreshed us like the murmur of the brooks, and the fragrance of the cowslips, and the song of the early birds he so sweetly talks of. And if, perchance, we be careful and troubled about many things, and wonder how we are to obtain what is needful in this crowded world, so full of competition, it does us good to read such a passage as this: "When I would beget content and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in him."

But much as we admire his "Angler," we admire, in some respects, his "Lives" still more, for though there are sentiments expressed and opinions indicated, with which we do not agree, we have brought before us portraits of piety, especially in the characters of Hooker, Donne, and Herbert, which may well awaken our Christian sympathies,

and stimulate us to holy imitation. But we are losing the shadow of the man among his books. We can trace him no further. In his last days he lived away from London with his son-in-law. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral.

We come back to Temple-bar, and pass under its dark shadow at the midnight hour. The moon is up, and little stars are opening their eyes and smiling over the city of sleepers. The streets are now still, very still, almost like the disintombed Pompeii. A few hours have made a mighty difference. The busy, noisy, bustling crowds have disappeared and melted away in silence. So, in a few years, writer and reader will disappear, and sleep the long sleep in the land of silence, where Walton, and Donne, and Ashmole, and all the rest of that generation, have been for nearly two centuries. We shall leave no shadow behind us, such as some of them have done. The most we can expect is that our children, perhaps our children's children, will sometimes think of us, and perchance image to themselves their ancestor from the old portrait of us we may leave behind. Where then will the still living and conscious spirit be? Will it be in that glorious world of which Walton used to think in the dead hour of night, as he walked in some favourite grove? "He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth."

ALADDIN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE;

OR, SCIENCE VERSUS FAIRY-LAND.

[We are indebted to a lively correspondent for this sprightly *jeu d'esprit*. It happily illustrates what has been often remarked, that the marvels of modern science far excel, in wonder and interest, the oriental fables which were wont to consume, very unprofitably it must be admitted, so many of the golden hours of youth.]

The princess, on her entrance, requested Aladdin to proceed with the tale of his adventures in Ingleeland. Aladdin, who it was remarked was without his wonderful lamp, made his obeisance, and continued thus:—

I arose, a few mornings after my arrival in Ingleeland, and found myself at *Chatsworth*, with my precious lamp in my hand; and on beholding the wonders of crystal there displayed, was so enraptured, that in my ecstasy I involuntarily rubbed the lamp, on which a genie of an altogether new order and aspect appeared. "I am," said he, "the genie of this place. I have created what you now behold, and my name is Paxtoni. Dost thou wonder at these tiny erections? thou shalt see greater marvels than these!"

On this he transported me to a most extensive range of architectural buildings, in which radiated, in all directions, long lines of polished iron, and above them were suspended interminable wires. Astonished, I turned to the genie for an explanation.

"This," said he, "is the centre of this kingdom, and is named *Derbi*. These lines and wires annihilate time and space." I then heard an awful rumbling as of thunder, and I beheld several huge monsters, of no earthly shape, rushing about in all directions, snorting and bellowing most hideous noises, as if some evil genii had broken loose.

"Fear not," said the genie, "these are only a part of the powers by which the antipodes are being brought into conjunction, and the two hemispheres embraced."

Very quietly and close beside us glided up one of these roaming monsters—and stopt; a slave opened a door in its side, and showed us a small room very luxuriously fitted up, with recumbent seats cushioned and padded on the sides; the finest carpet of Persia covered the floor, and the windows were all as of crystal. I also perceived there were many other such rooms, and that they were all attached to each other, and the whole to the snorting monster.

The genie motioned me to enter, and he took a seat beside me; no sooner were we seated than a dreadful scream was heard, and the monster swung off, drawing after it the whole caravansera, or train, as it is called, containing above 200 men, women, and children. We proceeded at a speed I was quite unable to calculate, while hills, forests, rivers, and all objects, appeared to flee from us and instantly disappear. In a very short time above 100 miles were traversed, when we arrived at another enormous mass of buildings, having similar radiating lines and wires! The bellowings of the huge monster as it flew along were terrific, and we saw it now being removed to its stable, snorting, and exhaling its breath like a summer cloud on the mountains of Kohistan.

On our arrival, one of the attendants came up to us, and, addressing the genie, whom he appeared to know, said: "Sir, have you not left a lamp behind?" Sure enough, in my overpowering astonishment at *Derbi*, I had forgotten my lamp, which I had laid on the table of the waiting-room. "It is all right, sir," said the man; "it is on the road, and will be here in a few minutes." I turned to the genie Paxtoni, to ask how could that man know that I had a lamp, and that it was left behind; and how could he possibly know that it was actually on its way after me? He smiled at my amazement, and thus said: "You fancied that we travelled too rapidly to be overtaken by anything, whereas, before you had been many minutes on the road, the lamp was discovered, and intelligence conveyed here with a description of your person, and instructions were sent from hence for its transmission by the next train. All this was completed in a few minutes." During this conversation another monster had arrived, when the genie said, "There is your lamp;" and an attendant from the new arrival handed it to me.

"Wonderful! wonderful!" interrupted the princess. "Why this is more marvellous than the tablets of Shiraz!"

All this was passing wonderful, continued Aladdin; but there I was, and there was my lamp. The genie Paxtoni then put me into a carriage having a single horse, and, as he followed me in, said to the slave who was in attendance upon us—

"*I park*."* What this word meant I did not comprehend; but the slave then shouted out the same word. I observed nobody driving the horse, yet we passed on at a rapid rate, and by a most circuitous road, until we entered an enclosed grassy plain, well timbered, with many diverging gravelled roads, when suddenly the horse stopped unbidden, and we alighted amid a vast throng of people!

Then, indeed, my astonished eyes beheld a far greater wonder than those of *Chatsworthi*—an enormous and most gorgeous Palace of Glass! I turned to the genie quite bewildered. "Is this a Palace for the Houri?" I exclaimed. "No," said he, "it is the House of all Nations; or, as it is more generally called, *THE CRYSTAL PALACE*." I viewed it with increasing admiration and astonishment; the sun was irradiating it, and it appeared light and aerial, as if it had descended from the third heaven, although it included huge trees, apparently the growth of 100 years, which lifted their tall heads toward the wondrous glass firmament, above the miles of glass galleries that occupied the sides of the palace. Thousands of columns supported the crystal roof, which covered a space of eighteen acres. I again interrogated the genie, as to what mighty power had produced this glorious palace. "I planned it," he replied, very quietly, "on a sheet of blotting paper, and it was erected in a few weeks."

I was overwhelmed; astonishment overpowered me. The thousand past wonders were as nothing in comparison. At last I responded: "Glass is fragile; and plants of very swift growth are rapid to decay, even as the roses of Ormuz, which bloom one day to perish in the next!" "True," he replied; "but this could endure, if needed, for generations to come: 300 men have tried to break down its divisions, but could not succeed. One hundred thousand people occupy it at the same period of time, without the slightest effect upon its security. Nine miles of tables form a part of its furniture, beside an enormous weight of goods deposited in it by all nations."

We had entered the palace, when my attention was arrested by a performance on a gigantic organ, whose enormous tubes poured forth a volume of noble and harmonious sounds, such as may be heard in the paradise of the Houri. "What," said I, "has some great musical magician left the abodes of the faithful to perform again on earth?" "Oh no," said the genie, "it is a Cooper."† "Cooper!" I exclaimed. "Yes," said he; "I am no genie of music; it is not in my province: but who so proper to manage those huge pipes or barrels as a Cooper!" I was dumb.

After seeing all the internal wonders of this surpassingly wonderful palace, I once more turned to my powerful conductor. "Here," said I, "take this my once valued lamp; its powers are far, very far surpassed by your powers. The Genii of Steam and of Electricity are much more powerful than the Genie of the Lamp!" So I delivered it up to

the genie Paxtoni, who, as he took it, impressively replied, as he disappeared amongst the crowd, "Remember, Aladdin, that

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

THE CAPTURE OF AN ARMADILLO.

A SKETCH FOR YOUNG READERS.

We had not eaten a morsel during that day, so we turned our attention to the piece of dried meat.

"Let us cook it, and make a soup," said Mary; "that will be better for the children." My poor wife! I saw that the extreme fatigue she had undergone had exhausted her strength, yet still she endeavoured to be cheerful.

"Yes, papa, let us make soup; soup is very nice," added Frank, trying to cheer his mother by showing that he was not dismayed.

"Very well, then," I replied. "Come, Cudjo, shoulder your axe, and let us to the mountain for wood. Yonder are some pine trees near the foot, they will make an excellent fire."

So Cudjo and I started for the wood, which was growing about three hundred yards distant, and close to the rocks where the stream came down.

As we drew nearer to the trees, I saw that they were not pine trees, but very different indeed. Both trunk and branches had long thorny spikes upon them, like porcupines' quills, and the leaves were of a bright shining green, pinnate, with small oval leaflets. But what was most singular, was the long bean-shaped pods, that hung down thickly from the branches. These were about an inch and a half in breadth, and some of them not less than twelve inches in length. They were of a reddish-brown, nearly a claret colour. Except in the colour, they looked exactly like large bean-pods, filled with beans.

I was not ignorant of what species of tree was before us: I had seen it before. I knew it was the honey-locust, or thorny-acacia—the carob-tree of the East, and the famed "algarabo" of the Spaniards. I was not ignorant of its uses either, for I knew this to be the tree upon which (as many suppose) St. John the Baptist sustained himself in the desert, where it is said, "his meat was locusts and wild honey." Hence it is sometimes called "St. John's Bread." Neither was Cudjo ignorant of its uses. The moment his eyes rested upon its long brown legumes, he cried out, with gestures of delight—

"Massa, Massa Roff, lokee yonder! beans and honey for supper!"

We were soon under the branches; and while I proceeded to knock down and collect a quantity of the ripe fruit, Cudjo went farther up among the rocks, to procure his fire-wood from the pines that grew there. I soon filled my handkerchief, and was waiting for Cudjo, when I heard him shout—

"Massa Roff, come dis way, and see de varmint—what him be?"

I immediately ran up among the rocks. On reaching the spot where Cudjo was, I found him bending over a crevice or hole in the ground, from which protruded an object very much like the tail of a pig.

"What is it, Cudjo?" I asked.

* We presume this is the Persian for Hyde Park, and that, from what follows, Aladdin had got into a Hansom cab, in which, as all our town readers know, though probably not our country ones, the driver is not visible to the party inside, being seated behind instead of before, as in ordinary conveyances.

† The name of the performer on Willis's great organ.

"Don't know, Massa. Varmint I never seed in Vaginnny—looks something like the ole 'possum."

"Catch hold of his tail, and pull him out," said I.

"Massa Roff, I've tried ma best, but can't fetch 'im nohow. Look yar!" and, so saying, my companion seized the tail and pulled, seemingly with all his might, but to no purpose.

"Did you see the animal when it was outside?" I inquired.

"Yes, Massa; see 'im, and chase 'im till I tree him yar in dis cave."

"What was it like?"

"Berry like a pig—maybe more belike ole 'possum, but cubbered all ober wi' shell, like a Vaginnny turtle."

"Oh, then, it is an armadillo."

"An armadiller! Cudjo niver hear o' dat varmint afore."

I saw that the animal which had so astonished my companion was one of those curious-looking things, which Nature, in giving variety to her creatures, has thought proper to form, and which are known throughout Mexico and South America, by the name of "armadillos." They are so called from the Spanish word *armado*, which signifies "armed," because that all over their body there is a hard shell-like covering, divided into bands and regular figures, exactly like the coats-of-mail worn by the warriors of ancient times. There is even a helmet covering their heads, connected with the other parts of the armour by a joint, which renders this resemblance still more complete and singular. There are many species of these animals, some of them as large as a full-sized sheep, but the generality of them are much smaller.

The curious figuring of the shell that covers them differs in the different species. In some, the segments are squares; in others, hexagons; and in others, again, they are of a pentagonal shape. In all of them, however, the figures are of a mathematical form and precision that is both strange and beautiful. They look as though they were artificial; that is, carved by the hand of man. They are harmless creatures, and most of the species feed upon herbs and grass. They do not run very nimbly, though they can move much faster than one would suppose, considering the heavy armour which they carry. This, however, is not all in one shell, but in many pieces, connected together by a tough, pliable skin. Hence they can use their limbs with sufficient ease. They are not slow travellers, as turtles and tortoises. When they are pursued and overtaken, they sometimes gather themselves into a round ball, as hedge-hogs do; and if they should happen to be near the edge of a precipice, they will roll themselves over to escape from their enemy. More often, when pursued, they betake themselves to their own holes, or to any crevice among the rocks that may be near; and this was evidently the case with that which Cudjo had surprised. When they can hide their heads, like an ostrich, they fancy themselves safe; and so, no doubt, fancied this one, until he felt the sinewy fingers of Cudjo grasping him by the tail. It was evident that the animal had ran into a shallow crack where he could go no further, else we should soon have lost sight of his tail; but it was equally evident, that pulling upon that

appendage was not the method to get him out. I could see that he had pushed the scaly armour outward and upward, so that it held fast against the rocks on every side. Moreover, the claws, which are remarkable both for length and tenacity, were clutched firmly against the bottom of the crevice. It would have taken "a team of oxen to pull him out," as Cudjo remarked with a grin.

I had heard of a plan used by the Indians who hunt the armadillo, and who are very fond of his flesh; and as I was determined to try it, I told my companion to let go the tail and stand on one side.

I now knelt down in front of the cave, and, taking a small branch of cedar, commenced tickling the hind quarters of the animal. In a moment I saw that his muscles began to relax, and the shell to separate from the rocks, and close in toward his body. After continuing the operation for some minutes, I observed that he had reduced himself to his natural size, and had, no doubt, *forgotten* to keep a look-out with his *claws*. Seeing this, I seized the tail firmly; and, giving it a sudden jerk, swung the armadillo out between the feet of my companion. Cudjo aimed a blow with the axe, which killed the poor animal outright. It was about the size of a rabbit, and proved to be of the eight-banded species—reckoned more delicious eating than any other.—CAPTAIN REID'S *Desert Home*.

WINGED GEMS.

NEVER did we in our country hear so much of jewels, and never before did they sparkle and glare upon us in such peerless beauty and brilliancy as they have done within the last twelve months in Hyde Park. But we are not about to expatiate on the sceptre diamond of Russia; the Hungarian opal, the largest known pearl; or even on the far-celebrated Koh-i-noor, which has probably disappointed more expectations than it has ever gratified: these are "gems" indeed, but they are not "winged," and such alone are the chosen objects of our present contemplation. The latter are to be found, not among earth's mineral treasures, however precious; nor among its vegetable products, beautiful and splendid as many of them are; but among its feathered tribes.

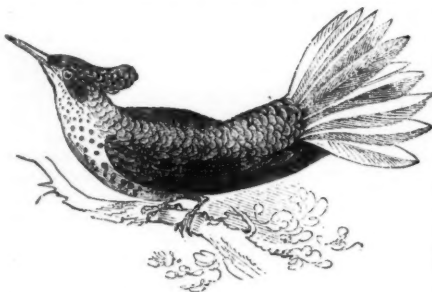
Some of these exist, as is well known, in many lands. Various as are the soils, the plants, the climes of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, there are birds which find in all these countries the means of subsistence and enjoyment. But there are others of a restricted domain; like the ostrich, which traverses the sands of Africa; the cassowary, which roams among the luxuriant vegetation of eastern isles; or the emu, which flies before the face of man as he invades its territory by enlarging his own, on the vast continent of Australia. Such, too, are the humming birds, on which we are now to dwell, which find their habitation neither in Europe, Asia, nor Africa, but in the great archipelago of islands between Florida and the mouths of the Orinoco, as well as the mainland of the southern continent, until it passes the tropic of Capricorn.

That, indeed, is no ordinary region for natural beauties. As the voyager approaches the land, he

beholds, perhaps, immense ridges of primitive mountains, traversed by deep ravines, and rising in succession to the very boundary of his vision. His eye may be delighted too by the brilliant tints of the foliage which covers these lofty heights, and by the dazzling insects which flutter about his ship, indicating the stores of animated nature. As he lands, and bends his way to the rocky woods, he may well be overwhelmed by his first sensations on beholding the productions of a tropical climate in their native soil. Plants reared in England only at great expense, and which even then attain only a puny and uncharacteristic form, flourish around him in all the vigour and luxuriance of their perfect existence. Surrounded by lofty airy cassias; broad-leaved, thick-stemmed cecropias; thick-ermined myrtles; large-blossomed bignonias; climbing tufts of the honey-bearing paullinias; far-spreading tendrils of the passion flower, and of the richly-flowering coronilla; above which rise the waving summits of Macauba palms; he seems to realize the fable of the garden of the Hesperides. The glory of these southern forests; the endless variety of forms; the contrasts of colour and size; the brilliant blossoms of even the largest trees; the scarlet, purple, blue, rose-colour, and golden yellow, blending profusely with every possible shade of green; language is altogether unequal to describe. Here branches may be observed covered on the under side with a hoary down, which in the heat of the day they turn up to the sun, so that whole patches of the surface seem covered with rich white blossoms; while, strikingly contrasted, there appears the coral tree, whose spikes of rich scarlet blossoms stand erect, rivalling in size those of the horse-chestnut of our own spring-time, and giving to the surface a glow of the brightest red; or the yucca, with its tulip-like flowers of the most vivid hues. There, moreover, are all the varieties of the cactus tribe, of which one of the most splendid is the night-blowing cereus, a flower of surpassing beauty; for its blossoms are nearly a foot in diameter, and the outer petals of a dark brown, while the inner ones are of a splendid yellow, which gradually shades off to the most brilliant white.

"Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruit, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints."

Such is the region of the humming birds, to which various significant names have been given,



STOKES' HUMMING BIRD.

and which the Indians, struck by the fire and splendour of their hues, call "hairs" or "tresses" of

the sun. In July and August, when the tree denominated *bois immortel* yields an abundance of bright red blossoms, which stay on its branches for several weeks, the different species of humming birds are very plentiful; then, too, they buzz like bees around the rich blossoms of the wallaba tree; indeed, there is scarcely a flower in the interior, or on the sea-coast of the isles they inhabit, which is not frequently visited by these radiant beings. They may be observed, as soon as the sun is risen, fluttering about the brilliant petals, but without ever lighting upon them. From the humming sound they then produce their common name is derived; but so rapid is the motion of their wings, that only the glittering, and not the colours of them, can possibly be discerned. And as they pass onwards, now perhaps within a yard of the observer's face, yet gone in an instant, they look like winged, but changing gems—now a ruby, now an amethyst, now an emerald, and anon like glowing and burnished gold.

But let us look more minutely at these exquisitely beautiful creatures. The ruby-throated humming bird has a descriptive name: its sto-



RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD.

macher is of emerald brilliancy, and the same hue adorns its head; while sober and mingled tints are combined to form its other array. Others have a throat of brilliant white, descending a little like a lady's tucker, but, as if to compensate for this simplicity of colour, there is on each side an emerald sheen, and all around is set, as it were, with gems of the same splendid hue. In some instances this radiant tint adorns the stomacher, and is heightened in effect by the richest ultramarine, which is profusely scattered over the head and the long feathers of the tail. Other cases there are in which the same part of the body is arrayed in feathers having the form of a lady's ruff or tippet, set off, at the sides, by the most brilliant hues. But there is an almost endless diversity: thus, the head and wings are sometimes plain in hue, while the body is of the brightest mingled dyes; at other times, the tails are especially resplendent, the vivid colours passing over the whole surface, or broadly edging them, and leaving in the centre a streak or space of white; tufts of dazzling brilliancy not unfrequently adorn the head, or fall downwards from the beak; while the legs are like those of other small birds, except that they are unusually short, or emerge from little bushes of small feathers, technically called "boots," which are

either white, black, or of various hues. To this brief



BAR-TAILED HUMMING BIRD.

and general description, it may be added, that no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five species of humming birds are now known, although the celebrated Linneus was acquainted with extremely few; that the bills vary in different individuals, those of the young being longer than those of adult birds; and that the plumage of the sexes is often widely different, the female being devoid of the rich lustrous green on the throat, and having only a rudiment of the white boots, which are both so conspicuous in the males.

Humming birds vary from a humble bee in size to that which we see in private and public collections. Every part of their structure is worthy of minute observation. The wing-shaft is peculiarly strong and elastic, the breast-bone is very large, the pectoral muscles have great strength, the plumage is "thick without burden, close as fishes' scales," while the shape, no less than the structure, of the wing admirably adapts it to rapid and long-continued flight. Small and feeble are their legs and feet, for no others are required by birds that keep their bodies in the air, apparently motionless, for hours together, and that settle on a twig only to preen their plumage, and to arrange the moss and down of their nests.

The facts now stated will serve to verify the poetic description of an American writer:—

"When morning dawns, and the blest sun again
Lifts its red glories from the western main,
Then through our woodbines, wet with glittering dews
The flower-fed humming bird its round pursues;
Sips, with inverted tube, the honey'd blooms,
And chirps his gratitude as round he roams;
While richest roses, though in crimson drest,
Shrink from the splendour of his gorgeous breast.
What heavenly tints in mingling radiance fly!
Each rapid movement gives a different dye;
Like scales of burnish'd gold, that dazzling show—
Now sink to shade—now like a furnace glow."

Audubon, the eminent naturalist, who had enjoyed the best opportunities for studying this most interesting tribe of animated nature, emphatically exclaims: "Where is the person who, on seeing this lovely little creature moving on humming winglets through the air, suspended as if by magic in it, flitting from one flower to another with motions as graceful as they are light and airy, pursuing its course over an extensive continent, and yielding new delights wherever it is seen; where is the person, I ask of you, kind reader, who, on observing this beautiful fragment of the rainbow, would not pause and admire, and instantly turn his mind with reverence towards the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every

step discern, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in the admirable system of creation?"

One species alone never shows its beauty to the sun; and were it not for his lovely colours, the naturalist would be almost disposed to remove him from the tribe of humming birds, and to class him with the goat-suckers, because of his habits. He is the largest and longest of the humming birds, and is of mingled red and a changing gold green, except the head, which is black; as are also two long tail-feathers, which cross each other. He is never found on the sea-coast or where the water is salt, or about the trees of a forest, except fresh water be there. He keeps by the side of the woody fresh-water rivers and dark and lonely creeks, leaving his retreat before sunrise to feed on the insects hovering over the water, returning to it as soon as the rays of the solar orb cause a glare of light, continuing sedentary all day long, and only emerging again a short time after sunset. What a singular exception does he present to the general habits of his race!

Although the blossoms of shrubs and trees of every kind attract the humming bird, yet tubular flowers are its greatest favourites, not so much on account of the nectar they contain as for the insects which crowd the recesses of the blossom to



ROUGH-LEGGED RACKET-TAILED HUMMING BIRD.

feed upon its sweets. Arriving before a thicket of them when fully blown, the little creature poises or suspends its radiant body on the wing for the space of two or three seconds, so steadily, that its little pinions become invisible, or only like a mist; and then it is that the pupil of the eye may be distinguished working round with great rapidity and wariness, while the glossy golden green of its back and the fire of its throat, alike radiant and dazzling in the sun, appear as a cluster of the brightest gems. Its only note is a single chirp, not louder than that of a small cricket or grasshopper, and generally uttered when passing from flower to flower, or while engaged in some battle with its fellows; then the combatants ascend in the air, and chirp as they dart and circle round each other, till the eye is no longer able to follow them. A humming bird will attack and tease, for a few moments, the king-bird; and in its turn is assaulted by the humble bee, which, however, it soon puts to flight. This little creature is one of the few birds which seems to be a favourite with all.

The humming bird sometimes places its nest on the upper side of a horizontal branch, and not among the twigs; at others, it is attached by the

side to an old moss-grown trunk; and, more rarely, to a strong rank stalk or weed. When a branch is selected, it is usually not many feet from the



NEST OF HUMMING BIRD.

ground. "A very complete one," says Wilson, the celebrated ornithologist, "is lying before me, and the materials of which it is composed are as follows:—The outward coat is formed of small pieces of a species of blueish grey lichen, that vegetates on old trees and fences, thickly glued on with the saliva of the bird, giving firmness and consistency to the whole, as well as

keeping out moisture. Within this are thin matted layers of the fine wings of certain flying seeds, closely laid together: and lastly, the downy substance from the green mullen, and from the stalks of the common ferns, lines the whole. The base of the nest is continued round the stem of the branch, to which it closely adheres; and, when viewed from below, appears a mere mossy knot, or accidental protuberance. The eggs are two, pure white, and of equal thickness at both ends."

With the following illustrative incident our paper must be concluded. A young man, a few days before his departure from Jamaica, surprised a female humming bird in the act of incubation, caught it, removed the branch on which the nest was, and carried them very carefully on board the ship. The little creature became sufficiently tame, during the passage, to suffer herself to be fed with honey and water, and actually hatched her offspring; but she died at the close of the voyage. Two young ones, however, survived it, and came into the possession of Lady Hammond and Sir Henry Englefield; they were sufficiently tame to take honey with their bills from the lady's lips; but one speedily died, and the other only lived two months after its arrival.

"IT'S GOOD TO LET WELL ALONE."

CHAPTER II.

ONE summer evening, some twenty months after the date at which our first chapter rather abruptly broke off, crowds of idlers and sight-seers lined the river-side of Cheyne-walk, London, while other crowds thronged old Chelsea-bridge, looking intently down the river towards Vauxhall.

There was to be a boat-race. Starting from the Red-house, in Battersea-fields, a certain number of eight-oared boats, or rather their respective crews, were to compete for a prize; the race-course, if such a term is allowable, being up the river to Putney-bridge, through one of its arches, and then back again to the stairs at the foot of the bridge, called indiscriminately Battersea or Chelsea.

Presently, the competing boats, long and slen-

der, sharp at the bow and delicately tapering off sternward, were seen cutting the water steadily and swiftly; while the rowers, stripped of all incumbrances, with necks and arms bare, bending in unison at every stroke, and feathering their oars at the same moment and with the exactest precision, were straining every nerve, some to maintain, and others to gain, the leading position.

It was an exciting spectacle; the river studded with craft of various sizes and sorts, every available space of bank lined with spectators, and many a window in the long line of houses from Paradise-row to Chelsea church lively with anxious gazers also. Swiftly the race-boats came on amidst the encouraging cheers of watchers from bank and bridge; at half-boat length apart, they shot the narrow arches of Chelsea; and, passing old Battersea church, were soon hidden by a bend of the river from the sight of those who, from the bridge, had hitherto marked their progress. But, almost to a minute, some of these watchers knew when to look out for the return of the racers, and, at the expiration of the time predicted, shouts were heard, "Here they come!" One boat was in advance of the rest, and steadily she maintained her advantage. Cheers from the now doubly-thronged bridge stimulated the straining oarsmen to a last and decisive effort. It was successful; the bridge was gained, the arch shot, the right-hand tiller-rope gently strained by the steersman; two strokes more and the oars were shipped, while, amidst loud congratulatory cheers from the bridge, and a salute from the tavern, the victorious boat, like a thing instinct with life, glided unerringly to its goal. Then followed, one after another, its competitors in the race: but with these our story has nothing further to do.

It was plain to see, when the successful crew stepped out of the boat, and not till then, how severe and exhausting had been their labour. Among them was one, who, above all the rest, had evidently exerted his physical powers far beyond their proper limits. Blood was gushing from his nose and mouth, and apparently oozing from the pores of his skin. He staggered rather than stepped upon the stairs, and then sunk powerless. A friendly arm caught him as he fell; and he was carried thence to the foot of the bridge. In a few minutes he had sufficiently revived to step into a chaise, hastily obtained at a neighbouring yard, by a friend who had watched the progress of the race from the bridge, and who, after wrapping a loose coat round the exhausted oarsman, gave directions to the driver to proceed over the bridge towards Lower Sloane-street. Meanwhile, the crews of the race-boats, having refreshed themselves at the tavern, re-embarked, and proceeded leisurely towards the Red-house, to conclude, as they might see fit, the business and the pleasure of the evening.

But what has this sketch of a boat-race on the Thames to do with Lawrence Carter? Simply this: the exhausted oarsman was our friend Lawrence, and to account for his appearance in such a scene we must once more turn back a page in his history.

Ellen's plan had been carried out, and contrary to the advice of Lawrence's father, who warned his son that, according to his views, the call to Lon-

don was no call of Providence; contrary, too, to the wishes of Lawrence's employer, who did not like parting with a clever, sober, and conscientious workman—the young couple removed to London.

It was with doubt and regret that Lawrence packed up his furniture, and sent it off by the wagon, directed to the new home which George Hardham had provided for him; and when, at last, he said "good-bye" to his father and Fanny at the garden-gate of the cottage, and, with his wife and child, mounted the coach; and when he gave the last look at the home of his young married life, and the birth-place of his child, his heart almost failed him. But the step was taken, and it was too late to retract.

The journey to London was a dismally uncomfortable one. It was mid-winter; and not clear, frosty, and sunny, as some mid-winter days are; but wet and cold. Very glad was Lawrence when the journey was ended. That night was passed at the house of Ellen's brother; and the next day Lawrence took possession of his new home, which was not far off. But what a contrast to his old home—his poor deserted cottage! For the convenience of being near to his workshop, and that, at the same time, Ellen might be near her friends, a small house had been taken for them in a narrow street near Chelsea Hospital, and in the immediate neighbourhood of the St. Giles of that part of London, then called Jew's-row.

Lawrence's heart sunk within him, as, after as thorough a cleansing of the dirty little house as could be given, he unpacked his furniture, and assisted Ellen in making the place look homely. Never before had he done so hard a day's work as was the work of that day. But Ellen was in high spirits; this was something; and when, at night, he sat down to a bright fire in the little sitting-room, enlivened with his own neat furniture, and shut in from the noisy street with folding shutters and clean thick curtains, his own spirits were slightly raised too; and he tried to persuade himself that even a London home may have its comforts. And so it may: and if duty had plainly and imperatively called Lawrence Carter to forego the advantages of his former situation and pleasant cottage home, and fixed his residence in a spot still more barren of external comforts, he might have been happy. But then, and day after day, through succeeding weeks and months, as he walked to and from his shop, through uninviting localities, and thought of his country home, he could not avoid asking himself, and sometimes very reproachfully, "Why did I come here? What business had I to leave that home?" True, it was to please his wife; and, to please her, Lawrence had been and was yet ready to sacrifice his own pleasure; but Ellen herself, after the novelty of the change was over, relapsed into (it is hard to say it, but it is the true word.)—into discontent. In fact, her hopes and wishes were not realized.

She had complained of the loneliness of the country; but she experienced more real loneliness in London. Of the old friends with whom she had hoped to keep up constant personal intercourse, she was surprised to find how few remained just in the position in which she had left them. In the two or three years that had intervened, some had disap-

peared altogether; some had removed to other districts;

"Some were married—some were dead."

Of them all, indeed, her brother George alone had remained to give her and her husband a warm and hearty welcome to London. And he, somehow, seemed changed. She had left him steady, serious, and hopeful; perhaps he was so still; but it seemed to Ellen that there was a difference—what it was she could not tell: perhaps it was in herself.

Worse than this, a change seemed gradually to come over Lawrence. It was not that he was less affectionate than before; nor could she account for the alteration, or explain to herself in what it consisted. Alas! it was the alteration which takes place in every man—in every religious man—who, turning, partially at least, from "the fountain of living waters," hews out "cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." Cut off, in a great measure, from congenial society, and thrown more than ever into that of the careless and irreligious; losing the watchfulness which is enjoined by their Great Master upon his disciples, "lest they enter into temptation," and more and more dissatisfied with himself—Lawrence underwent a sad change.

It was on a summer's evening, two or three days previous to the boat-race, that as Lawrence and his brother-in-law were returning from work they were met by a young man slightly known to them both. "Well met, Hardham, you are just the man I wanted to see. The race is to come off on the fourth."

"Well."

"Well, we want you to take an oar. Rawson has shirked: his mother, or some other old woman, has put in *her* oar, and he won't have anything more to do with it. We want you to take his place. Will you?"

"No, I won't. I am out of practice; and I never was up to the mark. Now, here's Carter; he is your man if you want one."

The temptation came unawares, and, compared with its strength, the opposition offered by Lawrence was very feeble. He had always, as we have said, had a great liking for boating; he was confident in his skill and strength; he was, in some degree, in practice; for, during the past month or two, his principal recreation had been a solitary row on the river, to which his residence was sufficiently near; and he thought the excitement of the race would do him good.

There were two considerations which Lawrence passed over slightly in his own mind before promising his assistance in the race. The first related to the company into which he would be cast; and the other, to the want of bodily training for such exertion as the race would call forth. As to this, however, he made sure that the practice he had recently had, and the skill, of which he was somewhat vain, would be sufficient to avert any bad consequences. Here, as we have seen, he was grievously mistaken. And with regard to the company into which this compliance would introduce him—to be sure, it was one thing, he knew, to take a quiet, sober row upon the river, either alone or in company with some friends; and another, to join in the excitement and accompanying excesses

of a race. He knew that his companions would be, some of them, men of indifferent character, and of low if not vicious habits; and he knew, also, that it was an indulgence which entailed upon him serious expense—while many purer and cheaper sources of enjoyment and innocent relaxation were open to him. But, indeed, Lawrence gave in reality little thought to the subject; and confident in his own power of resisting temptation, he merely stipulating that as soon as the race was over he should return home, he gave his promise. We have told the result.

A week after the boat race, Lawrence Carter's employer summoned his foreman into the counting-house.

"How is it Carter has not been at work for a week?" he asked.

"He is ill, sir."

"Ill! do you know what is the matter with him?"

"No, sir; not exactly."

"Oh! not exactly! Well, then, I believe I can tell you, at least this paper can;" and the cabinet-maker pushed towards his foreman a newspaper, and pointed to a paragraph in which was an account of the boat-race, and in which Lawrence's name appeared as one of the winning crew, together with the effects of his over-exertion.

"There, that is what is the matter with him; and you may strike his name off the book. If my men choose to knock themselves up by pranks of this sort, they must take the consequences. My business is not to stand still for them."

"Carter is a good hand, sir," said the foreman.

"So much the worse. It is these good hands that think they may twist us employers round their fingers as they please; but they shall find they are mistaken though. You will be so kind as to let him know he may send for his tool-chest; and then have done with him."

The man withdrew; and, in a few hours, Lawrence knew that he was "out of work." But this was of comparatively small importance: he was seriously ill. Weeks and months of painful debility, the result of internal injury, followed; and they were weeks and months of privation and anxiety also. But then it was that the better traits of Ellen's character shone out brightly. Without one murmur or reproach, she devoted herself to the consolation and comfort of her husband, and to the endurance of fatigue, watching, and self-denial, for his sake. She had no longer any selfish thoughts or wishes of her own to gratify; and as every day brought with it an added load of care for the future, she strove only to lighten the burden for *him*, by bearing it herself.

Ah, but not herself alone; there was another Bearer. There are such words as these to be found in the best of all books, and the Christian knows their value—their entire truthfulness: "Cast thy burden upon the LORD, and He shall sustain thee:" not remove the burden, perhaps, but impart a giant's strength to bear it. Thus was it with Ellen. She was humbled and contrite; she sorrowed for her errors. Thus, too, was it with Lawrence. It was good for him that he was afflicted. He sorrowed also; but after a right sort. He was led to read his Bible more, to pray more earnestly, and to ask, in the name of the Great

Advocate, the forgiveness of all that was past, and for the aid of the Holy Spirit to enable him to keep his resolutions of amendment. Yes, reader, there is such a thing as an answer to prayer; there is such a thing as a "peace that passeth all understanding;" and Lawrence felt again that peace to which he had been long a stranger.

It was winter again; in the country, snow was deep on the ground; the street in which Lawrence lived was ankle deep in black slush, which had perhaps once been snow. It was evening; and there was a light in Lawrence's dwelling. Lawrence was there; his health was returning—slowly. He was polishing and sharpening his long-unused tools. Ellen was there, and the little Ellen: pale they all were, but not wretched; no, nor discontented now. The room was somewhat bare of furniture, so was the whole house. The book-case was gone, so were most of the books it had contained, so was the chest of drawers, so was one of the bedsteads; but all comfort was not gone, nor cleanliness, nor *hope*.

"And shall you be strong enough to-morrow, dear Lawrence, to be out looking for work, all day perhaps?"

"Oh yes; I am sure I have been idle long enough; and what a mercy, Ellen, that I am strong enough to work now. Cannot we say, Ellen dear, that our chastening has been for our profit?"

Yes, Ellen thought so; she hoped so; she might have said so; but a knock at the door interrupted her. She went and opened it. In the street was a cab, but they had not heard it for the soft snow mud. Ellen strained her eyes to see who should alight from the cab, for it was the driver who had knocked. The visitor was a female; it was Fanny Carter!

"I could not stay away any longer, Lawrence," she exclaimed, after the first surprise was over. "Dear Ellen, I did so want to see you; and father wished me so to come. We have been in such trouble about you; first, not hearing so long, and then that last letter."

"Dear Fanny, it was like you," said Lawrence; and Ellen did not pout now.

"I saw Mr. Judd before I came away, Lawrence; and he would like you to come back again. Will you, Lawrence?"

Lawrence looked to Ellen for an answer.

"Oh yes, yes, yes; dear Lawrence, yes;" and, for the first time since the night of the boat-race, Ellen's feelings overpowered her.

"You can live in the town, Ellen; I have partly taken rooms for you; for I hoped and believed I could persuade you to come back:" and Fanny wept in sympathy with her sister.

But how to get back again? Oh, there was no difficulty about *that*. Between Fanny and their father, that could be managed; and it was; and Lawrence was not too proud—though, at one time, it may be, he would have been too independent—to receive such help. In a few days the dwelling in the street was empty.

It was the noon of a fine spring day, and Lawrence's dinner-hour. When he reached his home he found Fanny there; and Ellen looked pleased,

and little Ellen looked pleased. She had been for "such a nice walk with mother and aunt," she said, as her father caught her up in his arms.

"Do you know what Fanny came for, Lawrence dear?" asked Ellen.

"No, I do not indeed, except to have a bit of dinner with us; which I hope she will."

"Of course; but that wasn't it. Dear husband"—and Ellen's voice trembled with earnestness—"our old cottage, our dear old cottage, is to be let. Fanny came to tell us, and we have been to look at it. Shall we go and live there again? Say yes, dear Lawrence."

And Lawrence *did* say "Yes;" and many a happy day did they spend in that old cottage, without one discontented thought; for they had both found, by experience, that sometimes "it is good to let well alone."

THE WHITE WOMAN'S CAPTIVITY AND RESCUE.

A PARTY recently engaged in exploring Cape York peninsula—a portion of New Guinea—was greatly surprised by the appearance of a young white woman who claimed their protection. Her remarkable story may be told in few words; but it is given, with all its details, by Mr. John Macgillivray, the naturalist to the expedition.

Her name is Barbara Thomson, and she emigrated from Aberdeen, her native place, with her parents, to New South Wales. About four years and a half ago she left Moreton Bay, in a small cutter, with her husband, to pick up some of the oil from the wreck of a whaler, lost on the Bampton shoal, to which they were to be conducted by one of the crew, and from thence they were to proceed to Port Essington. A quarrel arose, from the man acting as pilot not being able to find the wreck; two men were drowned, another was left, like Alexander Selkirk, on an uninhabited island, and the rest made their way to Torres Strait, where, during a gale, their ship struck upon a reef on the east of Prince of Wales' Island. The two remaining men were lost in attempting to swim on shore through the surf; but Mrs. Thomson was rescued by a party of natives.

One of these blacks, named Boroto, took possession of her as his prize; with him she was compelled to live; well treated by the men, but far otherwise by the women, from feelings of jealousy. A singular tradition produced a change in her circumstances. It is generally believed throughout Australia and the islands of Torres Strait, so far as hitherto known, that the white people are the ghosts of the aborigines. Under this impression, Piaquai, the chief of the tribe, fancied that he recognised in the stranger a long-lost daughter, of the name of Gi'om; he at once admitted her to the relationship which he thought had formerly subsisted between them, and she was immediately regarded by his people as one of themselves. From their head-quarters being on an island, which all vessels passing through Torres Strait from the eastward must approach within two or three miles, she cherished ardent hopes of being rescued from her captivity; but she had long to suffer the most bitter disappointment.

In each successive summer she saw twenty, thirty, and even a greater number of vessels proceed on their way, without anchoring in the neighbourhood, so as to afford her the slightest opportunity to escape. Last year she heard of the two vessels of the exploring party, described as a big and a little war canoe, being at Cape York—only twenty miles distant—by some of the tribe who had visited them and been well treated; but they would not take her over, and even watched her more narrowly than before. On a second visit of the exploring party, which the Cape York people immediately announced by smoke to their friends the islanders, she succeeded in persuading some of them to take her across to the main-land, within a short distance of where the vessels lay. Their motive for doing so was, however, far from disinterested; for they thought that Gi'om had been so well treated that she had no desire to leave them, and that she only wished once more to see and shake hands with the white people; and intimated that she would be sure to obtain some axes, knives, tobacco, and other much-prized articles.

On landing, she hurried onwards as quickly as she was able, fearful lest the blacks should change their minds; and it was well she did, as a small party of men followed to detain her, but arrived too late. Three of them were brought on board at her own request, and as they had been instrumental in saving her from the wreck, each one was presented with an axe and other gifts. On being asked by Captain Stanley if she preferred remaining or returning to the island, she was so much agitated as to find difficulty in expressing her thankfulness. Mingling scraps of English with the Kowraréga language, and then suddenly recollecting that she was not understood, she blushed deeply, and, with downcast eyes, beat her forehead with her hand, as if to assist in collecting her scattered thoughts. At length, after a pause, she was able to say: "Sir, I am a Christian, and would much rather go back to my own friends."

Wretched and dirty was her appearance when she first sought protection of the party, who were disposed to pass onwards without any further notice. But, startling was the effect of the few English words, "I am a white woman—why do you leave me?" A few leaves were her only covering; her skin, tanned and blistered in the sun, showed the marks of several large burns, which had been received from sleeping too near the fire on cold nights, and she was suffering from ophthalmia, which had previously deprived her of sight in one eye. But the kind attention of Captain Stanley, who provided her with a cabin and a seat at his table, combined with medical attention, very soon restored her to health, and in this state her parents at Sydney eventually received—after this series of most extraordinary circumstances—their long-lost child.

THE PROJECTED RAILWAY TO INDIA.

A COMPANY of British speculators propose a new route to India, by which a man may in seven days transport himself from London to Calcutta. Carriages and locomotives, rushing over iron lines, are to replace steam-ships, camels, oceans, and

canals. Instead of harbours, we shall enter stations; instead of passing through straits, we shall fly over viaducts; instead of paddling between rocks, we shall be whirled through tunnels. The magnificent floating hotels of the Oriental Company will become vulgar means of transport. None but old-fashioned people will think of travelling by them. When *we*, the "men of progress," spend our summer season in a country-house among the Neilgherry hills, we shall not dream of going by those antiquated conveyances by which persons now waste a whole month in the journey to India. We shall go down to Gracechurch-street, take our second-class ticket by the "Great Eastern, Calais, Constantinople, Orontes, Euphrates, and Calcutta Railway," and with a moderate-sized carpet-bag, full of sandwiches, pork-pies, and sherry, take our seats. The whistle will start our trains, and we shall be off as though it were to Liverpool or Bath; for no stoppages are to be allowed by the way, except to take up or set down passengers.

This looks like pleasantry, and so it is, but only in the manner of expressing our anticipations. It is exactly what the projectors propose, and what we believe can and will be accomplished. Whither, however, will that train convey us? What scenes shall we pass by the way?

In the first place, let engineers project as they please, the channel will still separate the British islands from France. Two hours of rolling and pitching over salt water there must be—until, at least, the art of mechanics allows a suspension-bridge to be swung between Dover cliffs and the rocks of the opposite continent. At present, none will blame us if we consider such an achievement impossible. A steam-packet must be employed. We therefore start with Calais. Every one knows that town, which needs, therefore, no more notice. Thence to Calcutta the ground is new; that is, as the overland route to India.

The route by way of Egypt consists of two stages, besides the channel, making 5075 miles; that is, from Marseilles to Alexandria, and from Suez to Calcutta. The second is by far the longer, leading the voyager, as it does, round two-thirds of the Arabian peninsula. The proposed route would be exactly 5600 miles from the booking-house in Gracechurch-street to the terminus in the capital of the great Bengal presidency—the former metropolis, indeed, of British India.

From Calais the line runs to the painted city of Ostend, with its Chinese variety of colours and quaint style of building. There the traveller may muse over the change of times, and compare the whistle of the engine and the hum of passengers' voices with the fearful sounds of war which, 250 years ago, drenched the surrounding soil with the blood of ten myriads of men. Proceeding through a flat, populous, and fertile country, he will reach Cologne, fruitful in corn and wine, with its ancient crescent-shaped city, its vast cathedral, its purple shrine of the three wise men, and its other curiosities. Abundance of timber, rich mines of iron, plenty of coal, and an industrious people, have accumulated great wealth in the surrounding provinces, and offer facilities for the construction of railroads, as well as merchandise for them to transport when completed. Then we roll on to Augsburg, situated in a beautiful plain—a large

and handsome city, which will afford interest to all the excursionists, supposing they stopped there for refreshments. From this they will fly along the flat provinces of Lombardy, most favourable to engineering enterprise, and visit the dark, steep, winding streets of Trieste, at the head of the Adriatic, with its ancient remains, its gigantic hospital, its cathedrals, churches, and picturesque scenery. Thence, amid new landscapes, new people, new associations, they will be borne forward over the iron road, until the west is left behind; the east is reached; the cross disappears; the crescent glimmers overhead; turbans and flowing robes succeed to stiff broadcloth and barbarous hats; women clothed in graceful costumes, contrast with the heavily-wrapped figures of the north; and the city of Constantinople, with its golden domes, its glittering cupolas, its fairy-like minarets, its groves of elegant trees, and all its variety of form and hue, flashes on the sight like the creation of enchantment!

We need not dwell on the physical capabilities of the countries lying between Ostend and Orsova, on the frontiers of the Ottoman empire. Whatever the difficulties may be, science and wealth have determined to surmount them, for a railroad has already been resolved upon all the way. The whole plan is completed, and its execution may be looked upon as certain. Thence to the City of Sultans is only 345 miles. Turkey in Europe offers, as far as its surface is concerned, many facilities for the construction of a railway. Lines of hills, indeed, intersect it; but they are pierced by long regular valleys, not very sinuous, and labour is comparatively cheap. The government is most anxious to promote an undertaking of the kind, and, under its favour, the land on both sides of the line might be purchased at a low price. From Constantinople to Bassorah on the Persian Gulf is 1355 miles: 455 of these extend eastward from the mouth of the Orontes to the valley of the Euphrates. Commencing, therefore, with a tubular bridge to connect Europe with Asia, the route would be across a tract by no means such as to offer any formidable obstacles to the progress of a railroad. The ranges, unlike those of northern India, are far from impenetrable. Long, wide, clear valleys, with a smooth level, open them at intervals. In America far greater difficulties have been surmounted. Their indomitable spirit leads the citizens of that noble commonwealth to assail, indeed, the most formidable barriers of the earth; but they do achieve what they dare attempt, and the line of 1500 miles just completed by the state of Massachusetts should shame us from timidity. They propose to tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, and connect the city of Independence in Missouri with San Francisco in California. If that be considered feasible, why not the route from Orsova to Hyderabad?

The traveller might take a stroll about Antioch—which is remarkable for being one of the cheapest places in the world. A recent author tells us that he tried to be extravagant there, but could not. Passing down the beautiful vale of Elghab, we whirl along the valley of the mighty Euphrates, whose whole course is 1985 miles. On the banks of that celebrated stream—the "joy-making river" of classic times—once stood cities "the glory of

kingdoms;" but desolation now reigns in their place. Man, as Tacitus says, has made a solitude there and called it peace; though it would speedily bloom again at the apparition of steam. The length of valley to be occupied by the railway is about 900 miles. From Babylon to Bassorah on the sea, the train would shoot along over a plain almost perfect, the rate of inclination being only six inches and a half in every mile. The formation is chalky, and the level nature of the country is proved by the fact that it was formerly intersected in all directions by long artificial canals, with scarcely any locks. All the traces, however, of its ancient prosperity have disappeared, and the vast and fertile countries watered by the Euphrates are so many melancholy deserts.

Reaching Bassorah, with its corn-fields, its date-groves, its gardens, its eastern aspect, and its busy port, we continue our route and enter Persia. A low tract of country, running along the sea the whole length of the gulf, affords a line for the railway. Its formation is stony, but comparatively smooth, and would present no serious difficulties in the way of the engineer. Thence through Baluchistan the same capability is offered. A flat country borders the ocean, and by this route the locomotive may speed onwards over the Indus, and thence to the city of Calcutta.

The projectors of this magnificent undertaking allow themselves fourteen years for its completion. We seriously believe that if supported as they should be, by government and by the public, their success will answer their expectations. Obstacles, indeed, there are. Rivers are to be bridged; hills are to be tunnelled; cuttings are to be made through broad and rugged tracts; viaducts are to be carried across valleys and marshes; and materials are to be collected in all parts of the route. The jealousy of certain powers is to be overcome; the prejudices of the ignorant are to be set aside; and, above all, money is to be procured. But not one of these difficulties ought to be insuperable. England has, with a less worthy object, achieved greater efforts. The energy which carried on the last general war would have constructed seven or eight such railroads. We do not, therefore, see anything visionary in the project.

The 900 miles of the Euphrates valley are to be completed first. Twenty days out of thirty-nine will thus be saved to the traveller, who will then proceed from Ostend to the Mediterranean, thence to the mouth of the Orontes, thence by railway to Bassorah, and across the Gulf to India. The completion of this section will occupy, it is supposed, five years. The European interval will then be filled up, in a similar period. Lastly, the rails will be laid down between Bassorah and Hyderabad, on the Indus, where the projected Indian lines will meet them, and complete the route.

It is, indeed, a wonderful scheme, requiring some imagination to realize in its broad perfection. Who can coolly entertain the idea of a locomotive engine puffing all the way, without stoppage, from Calais, in France, to Calcutta, in India? Who can think of it panting over the mighty aqueduct of Seleucia, or flying over a branch line to Baalbec? Who can familiarize himself with the prospect of lounging in a first-class carriage, and whirling at the rate of a mile a minute across

the beautiful plains of Issus, where Alexander and Darius watered the soil with torrents of human blood, to appease their lust of glory? Poets and historians have much to answer for in consecrating the memory of such achievements. Better had Homer sung the arts of peace, than inflamed men to emulate the deeds of such heroes. Who can think, as a matter of fact, of a tubular bridge hanging over the sea where the mighty fleet of Byzantium kept watch at the gates of Europe? But the most entrancing idea of all is of a railroad with cuttings, tunnels, embankments, inclines, and gradients; of engines with boilers, pistons, cranks, and safety-valves; of trains with drivers, guards, policemen, and mail-bags running straight through that region to which history has assigned the seat of paradise. A line near the Garden of Eden!—a station close to Antioch!—an embankment in the salubrious vale of Suedia! And why not? Is there more romance in the poverty, slavery, and debasement of the people? is there more poetry in the neglect of the soil, in the multiplication of ruins, and the decay of nature all over those unhappy countries, than in the conquests of civilisation?

But, in reality, nothing could be more sublime than the idea of compassing half the world in seven days; of rushing along an iron road, straight from west to east; of rattling at the heels of a locomotive through many countries in succession; of exchanging, in the course of one week, the bitter winds of England for the sultry calm of Bengal. And what a varied panorama is unrolled by the way. There is an infinite variety of scenes, a motley procession of men. The downs and cliffs of England—the plains, and woods, and antiquated towns of Germany—the levels of Lombardy, blooming, though under the Austrian rule—the mountains and valleys of eastern Europe and western Asia—the picturesque landscapes of Persia, and the rugged tracts of Baluchistan,—all appear and vanish as we watch the flying panorama. Nor will the aspect of living things be less various or remarkable: stout Londoners, trim Frenchmen, portly Germans, bearded Turks, gaudy Persians, and Baluchis armed to the teeth. Round hats and genteel paletots; wide-awakes and long-peaked waistcoats; straw hats, short petticoats, and pastoral tunics; long robes, turbans, and yellow slippers; gorgeous vests and jewelled turbans, with heron plumes; quilted capotes and oriental trousers; all these will bewilder the traveller's mind, as they glance, each for a day, before his eyes. In the morning he may look on the black masses of houses, the tall chimneys, the enormous factories, and the neat cottages of England. Then he sees the handsome villages of Germany—the lofty, airy tenements in which peasant proprietors dwell on their own little estates. Then the flat roofs, the jealous lattices, the sun-burnt walls, and gaudy decorations of the Ottoman empire, may amuse his view. These are succeeded by the mud-built, desolate, dirty cities of Persia, where all that is beautiful is concealed within the building, and all that is ugly is displayed without. More picturesque than these, are the black tents and rude hovels of Baluchistan.

The interests of trade, of peace, of humanity, and of religion, combine to recommend the project.—*Eclectic Review*.

Domestic Economies.

CREAM CHEESE.—Take a quart of good cream, and having prepared a piece of good Barnsley linen, by soaking it in salt and water—made strong enough to float an egg—place this in a bowl, and pour the cream into it: tie it up loosely, and hang it up in a tree in your garden. Next day, break down the cream with a wooden spoon, and then hang it up again. Repeat this process for two or three days, and by that time the whey will have separated from the cream, which will be about the consistency of butter; collect this carefully into a muslin cloth, place it on a board with another board upon it (that is, supposing you have no cheese mould), and put a 4lb. weight upon it; turn it daily for two or three days, and then take it out of the cloth and lay it upon the board without weight, daily turning it until it is ripe, which will be in about ten days in cool weather; if you don't want a rich cheese, use one quart of milk to one quart of cream, and put in a little salt (a pinch), and keep the mixture in a warm kitchen, stirring it daily for two or three days; it will then have thickened considerably, and may be hung up in the linen cloth and treated as before described. A lady friend, to whom I have submitted this receipt, tells me I am wrong in not using milk. She says, "the addition of a little milk (say one pint to a quart of cream) makes the cheese more velvety and handsomer, than when made all of cream." (Try both.) A much readier way of making a cream cheese than this has been successfully practised in this neighbourhood. Take your cream (a quart), tie it in your salted linen cloth, giving it as much room inside as the size of your cloth will allow, and then bury it in moist river or sea sand which has been thoroughly washed; if this is done over-night, the capillary attraction of the sand will have carried off the whole of the whey by next morning, and you will have a cream cheese, almost promptu. If your cream is not very good, or if you use half the milk, the precaution must be taken of mixing the milk and cream some days previously, stirring it and keeping it in a warm room to give it consistency, otherwise it will almost all escape through the cloth.—*Clitheroe Correspondent.*

TO SWEETEN MEAT AND FISH.—When meat, fish, etc., from intense heat or long keeping, are likely to pass into a state of corruption, a simple and sure mode of keeping them sound and healthy is, by putting a few pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, into the pot or saucepan wherein the fish or flesh are to be boiled. Among others, an experiment of this kind was tried upon a turbot, which appeared too far gone to be eatable. The cook, as advised, put three or four pieces of charcoal, each the size of an egg, under the strainer, in the fish kettle; after boiling the proper time, the turbot came to the table perfectly sweet and firm.

TO CLEAN METAL POTS.—Put a good-sized lump of common soda into the pot, and fill it quite full with boiling water; let it remain in the whole of a day and night, and as it is better to keep the water hot for a time, set the pot near a fire. Should a teapot spout have become furled, when the water has been in a sufficient length of time, put a skewer or knitting-needle up the spout, when it will be found that the accumulation will be readily removed; after which it will be necessary to scald and well wash the pot, to prevent any taste of soda.

VENTILATION.—To keep your rooms free from bad air, you should have your windows to open up and down. By admitting the pure air at the top, you expel the foul air at the bottom of the window.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—The best way to clean marble is:—mix together two parts of soda with one part of pumice and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift through a fine sieve, and mix some of this powder with water, rubbing it over the marble, or even the stained parts; then wash it off with soap and water.

PATENT MILK.—A very valuable discovery has recently been patented by a French gentleman. The discovery relates to the preservation of milk for an indefinite period of time. This discovery found a place in the Crystal Palace during the Exhibition; but appears to have escaped the observation of the jury. The milk tablets can be grated into a fine powder, and when put into tea they will immediately dissolve, without leaving any sediment whatever behind, while the milk itself not only retains its full flavour, but also its nutritious qualities. For long sea voyages, its utility is obvious.

FOOD FOR SINGING BIRDS.—Well mix or knead together three pounds of split peas ground or beat to flour, one pound and a half each of crumbs of bread and coarse sugar, the fresh yolks of six raw eggs, and six ounces of unsalted butter. Put about a third part of the mixture at a time in a frying pan, over a gentle fire, and continually stir it till it be a little browned, but by no means burnt. When the other two parts are thus done, and all are become cold, add to the entire quantity six ounces of maw seed, with six pounds of bruised hemp seed separated from the husks. Mix the whole together, and it will be found an excellent food for thrushes, red robins, larks, linnets, canary birds, finches of different sorts, and most other singing birds, admirably preserving them in song and feather.

GLUE FOR EARTHENWARE, ETC.—Put a piece of white flint stone into the midst of a fierce fire; when it is red, or rather white hot, take it out with a pair of tongs, and suddenly drop it into a pan of cold water, which should be ready placed for the purpose. This will destroy the power of adhesion in the flint, and precipitate the stone to a fine powder, from which you must carefully pour off the water. Now melt white rosin in an iron pot or earthen pipkin, and stir the flint stone powder into it till it is of the consistency of a thick paste. When you use this glue, warm the edges of the glass, stone, china, or earthenware, and rub it thereon; then carefully and neatly place them together. When quite cold, with a knife scrape off as much of the cement as remains outside.

TO MAKE WATER COLD FOR SUMMER.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice:—Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical climes, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every mechanic and labourer have at his place of employment two pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers, one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation, and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it in the air on a warm day; after doing this three or four times he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen into the melted tallow; the linen may then be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.